

## THE SMOKE'S REVERIE.

I'm sitting at dark 'neath the old beechen tree,  
With its leaves by the autumn made ripe;  
While they cling to the stems like old age unto  
life,  
I dream of the days when I'll rest from this strife,  
And in peace smoke my briarwood pipe.

Oh my briarwood pipe—at bright fancy the  
twin,  
What a melody of forms you create;  
Each puff of white smoke seems a vision as fair  
As the poet's bright dream, and, like dreams,  
rides in air,  
While the dreamer dreams on of his fate.

The fleecy white clouds that now float to the sky,  
Form the visions I love most to see;  
Fairy shapes that I saw in my boyhood's first  
dreams  
Seem to beckon me on, while beyond them there  
gleams  
A bright future in waiting for me.

Oh my briarwood pipe! I never loved thee as now  
As that first day when I lit thee for the first  
time,  
And thou becomest me on to where roses are  
spread,  
And she points to my fancy the bright land  
ahead,  
Where the wind whistles nothing but love.

Oh! answer, my pipe, shall my dream be as fair  
When it changes to dreams of the past?  
When autumn's chill winds make this leaf look as  
bare  
As the leaves on the beech tree that shelter me  
here,  
Will the tree's heart be chilled by the blast?

While musing has gathered around me a heap  
Of the leaflets all dying and dead;  
And I see in my reverie plainly revealed  
The slope of life's hill in my boyhood concealed  
By the form that fair fancy hath bred.

While I sit on the banks of the beautiful stream,  
Pinking roses that bloom by its side,  
I know that the shallow will certainly come  
When the roses are withered, to carry me home,  
And that life will go out with the tide.

Oh my briarwood pipe! may the heart be as light  
When memory supplants the bright dream  
When the sun has gone down, may the sunbeam  
remain,  
And life's roses, though dead, all their fragrance  
retain,  
Till they catch at eternity's gleam.  
—Cincinnati Gazette.

## THE "AGER."

Once upon an evening bleary,  
While I sat me dreamy, dreary,  
In the sunshine thinking over  
Things that passed in days of yore;  
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,  
Aunt came in with a crepe  
Up my back like water leaping—  
Leaping upward from the floor;  
"Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,  
"From the region of the floor—  
Only this and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember—  
It was in that wet September,  
When the earth and every member  
Of creation that I bore  
Had for days and weeks been soaking  
In the meanness, most provoking  
Foggy rains that, without joking,  
We had ever seen before;  
So I knew it must be very  
Cold and damp beneath the floor—  
Very cold beneath the floor!

So I sat me nearly napping  
In the sunshine, stretching, gapping,  
Creeping water, but delighted  
With the breeze from 'neath the floor;  
Till I found me waxing colder,  
And the stretching growing bolder,  
And myself a feeble shivering  
Older than I felt before;  
Feeling that my joints were stiffer  
Than they were when I was a year;  
Stiffer than they'd be before!

All along my back the creeping  
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,  
As if countless frozen demons  
Had concluded to expire  
All the evilities of the year!  
"Twixt me and my nether garments,  
Up into my hair and downward  
Through my boots into the floor;  
Then I found me shaking  
Gently first, but more and more—  
Every moment more and more!"

'Twas the "ager" and it shook me  
In my very clothes, and took me  
Shaking to the kitchen—every  
Place where there was warmth in store;  
Shaking till the dishes clattered,  
Shaking till the tea was splattered,  
Shaking, and with all my warbling  
Feeling colder than before;  
Shaking till it had exhausted  
All its power to shake me more—  
Till it could not shake me more!

Then it rested till the morrow,  
Then resumed, with all the terror  
That it had the face to borrow,  
Shaking, shaking as before;  
And from that day I never remember  
Day that I shall long remember—  
It has made diurnal visits,  
Shaking, shaking on so sore!  
Shaking off my boots and shaking  
Me to bed, if nothing more!  
Fully this and nothing more!

And to-day the swallows flitting  
Round my cottage see me sitting  
Moody within the sunshine  
Just inside my silent door—  
Waiting for the "ager," seeming  
Like a man forever dreaming;  
And the sunlight on me streaming  
Throws no shadow on the floor—  
For I am too thin and pallid  
To take shadows on the floor—  
Nary shadow any more!  
—Boston Gazette.

## MR. REED'S WAY.

The Wildacre School was universally  
thought to be the most unmanageable  
in the State, though it was only a girls'  
school. When Miss Brierly kept it, the  
trustees voted it little short of Bedlam.  
The young ladies were down in the  
lower hall, chatting and flirting with  
the young men who chanced to lounge  
that way, or dropping billets-doux out  
the window with a cord, and pulling up  
the answers by the same means, and  
sweetening their devotion to Virgil with  
French candy. If Miss Kew fainted, as  
she had a nervous trick of doing, half  
the school would rush to a neighbor's  
for the camphor bottle before Miss  
Brierly could look about her, and it was  
ten to one if many of them returned for  
the remainder of the session.

"Miss Brierly," George Jones would  
say, in the blandest tone of friendliness,  
—"Miss Brierly, the braid is ripped  
off the bottom of your skirt half a  
yard."

"Thank you, thank you," Miss Brierly  
would reply, in her nervous, hurried  
way, perfectly conscious of her slovenly  
appearance. But, on her path to the  
blackboard, another piece of officious-  
ness would give her the same disagree-  
able information.

"The braid's off your dress, Miss  
Brierly."

"Yes, thanks; I've just been told;"  
and thus, in her progress about the  
school-room, a dozen other mischievous  
girls, as if by preconcerted movement,  
would announce the same pleasing  
fact—a dimpled hand would be lifted  
from one seat and another to ask per-  
mission to tell her the braid was ripped  
off her dress—till Miss Brierly, out of  
all patience, would cry out,

"The first young lady who speaks  
about the braid on my dress shall lose  
a hundred marks and her recess!"

"But it isn't on your dress, Miss Brierly;  
it's ripped off," would be the last  
shot from the most daring foe.

Sometimes the theme was her hair,  
escaped from its confining pins; and as  
Miss Brierly wore a switch, and switches  
were something to blush for in those  
days, it was, naturally, enough to vex  
the heart of a saint. The girls of Wild-  
acre were too full of vinegar to reflect  
whether they would like to stand in

Miss Brierly's shoes; and it was through  
their persistent mischief as much as her  
own incompetence that she lost her  
situation, and Mr. Reed came to take  
her place. Even he found it no bed  
of roses—a handsome young  
fellow, with an eye like  
Mars, which was greatly needed  
at Wildacre to threaten or command,  
and the muscle of an athlete. But Mr.  
Reed had an inherited habit of blush-  
ing, and the young ladies were not slow  
to take advantage of it. Perhaps the  
ringleader of the school was George  
Jones, as pretty a little witch as ever  
worked mischief; she it was who first  
discovered his one weakness, which,  
let us add, was not the result of bash-  
fulness, but merely of a thin skin. Per-  
haps there was no less bashful man in  
the world than Mr. Reed, and Miss  
George was a match for him there, and  
did her prettiest to put him to con-  
fusion. She sketched his unmistakable  
caricature on the blackboard, where  
she had been sent to work out an alge-  
braic equation, of which he caught a  
glimpse, turning his head inopportune-  
ly. Before her quick hand could erase  
he had stayed the movement by his  
own.

"Is that your unknown quantity,  
Miss Jones?" said he. "Please to finish  
your problem."

Miss George seized the crayon in an  
instant of daring impudence, and wrote  
off against the caricature, "plus his  
blush," and then she paused.

Now, the woman who heitates, we  
know, is lost.

"Can't you finish it?" asked her  
teacher. "I thought you had committed  
your lesson. Give me the crayon, if  
you please."

"Equals Miss Jones plus her imper-  
turbance," he wrote.

"Now prove it, sir, if you please,"  
said Miss George, demurely.

"You may take your seat, Miss Jones,  
and finish your lesson after school."

But presently the bell rang, and the  
young lady whose business it was to  
answer the door brought up a note,  
which ran thus:

"Will Mr. Reed kindly dismiss Miss  
George Jones at 10:30, and oblige her  
aunt?"

"Miss Jones," said he, "you may be  
dismissed."

"I?" she asked, with an air of sur-  
prise. "I was to remain after school."

"Your aunt requests that you should  
be dismissed."

"Oh, thanks." There was a general  
titter as Miss George decamped, cast-  
ing a triumphant look over her shoul-  
der, for they were all very well aware  
that the note was a fabrication of her  
own, carried out by Miss Kew, who had  
been dismissed on account of a violent  
fit of sneezing, and returned by means  
of a small urchin she had bribed with a  
penny.

Unfortunately for Miss George, Mr.  
Reed, having an errand at the railway  
station after school, encountered her  
aunt just stepping from the train.

"I didn't know you were out of  
town," said he. "Have you been away  
long?"

"Only for a week's shopping. How  
is George doing, Mr. Reed? Do you  
think she will graduate this year? I'm  
anxious, because she will have to teach  
when she gets through."

"Indeed! I hope she may find pupils  
as docile as herself."

The next time Miss George brought  
her pencil and requested Mr. Reed to  
sharpen it, as she sometimes did, he  
asked, "Are you going to write me an-  
other note, Miss Jones?"

"Another note!" she repeated.

"When did I ever write you a note?"

"Can you say that you never did?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Reed?"

"What does this mean?" and he pro-  
duced the note in question.

She gave a light laugh. "It means  
that you haven't proved your problem  
yet. All's fair in love and war, they  
say."

Mr. Reed's face did not reflect her  
smile, and George noted the fact with  
astonishment.

"Do you think this quite honest?"  
he asked.

"Honest!" she repeated, coloring.

"I certainly do not think it is polite to  
call me dishonest," he said.

"Was it polite to deceive me?"

"Please give me my pencil," said  
Miss Imperturbance. "Your riddles are  
too hard for me."

"You may take your seat, Miss  
Jones."

Miss Jones took her seat obediently,  
and presently the bell rang in the lower  
hall. A stranger might not have dis-  
covered any connection between the  
two facts; but the young ladies were al-  
lowed to answer the bell by turns, and  
it so happened that it was Miss George's  
week to perform that pleasant office.

She rose quickly to the performance of  
her duty. "Compose yourself, Miss  
Jones," said Mr. Reed. "Miss Samp-  
son, if you will take charge of the  
school, I will answer the bell myself!"

There was a general titter, led by the  
disgraced George, as he suspected, for  
when he reached the lower hall, nobody  
was to be seen, not so much as a naug-  
hty urchin scampering down the green or  
peering from behind an elm. He went  
quietly up stairs, but said nothing. The  
next afternoon the bell rang again.

"You may go down, Miss George," he  
said. Miss George did as she was bidden,  
for a wonder, and, returning after a  
reasonable time, remarked that Miss  
Kew was wanted. Miss Kew was on  
her feet before the words were well out  
of George's mouth.

"Sit down, if you please, Miss Kew,"  
said Mr. Reed. "I will go down my-  
self and see your friend; if it is any  
thing urgent, you shall follow." Mr.  
Reed accordingly descended; nobody  
was there. "You may remain after  
school, Miss Jones," he said, when he  
returned; "and in the meantime I will  
prevent any further interruptions  
from visitors, invite you to take this  
seat, which, I think, is more than arms-  
length away from the bell-wire." Miss  
Jones had sat where she could watch  
her chance, touch the bell-spring, and  
take an airing, followed by her favorite  
chum.

It must be confessed that after the  
last lingering girl had disappeared and  
left Mr. Reed alone with George in the  
echoing school-room with its paneled  
of blackboard and chalk-marks, as if it  
had gone into half mourning, that he  
felt just a little nervous and uneasy. It

was rather ungallant to ask her to come  
to him, it was equally undignified to go  
to her; however, he went presently and  
sat down in the seat just in front of her,  
facing, and leaning one arm upon her  
desk.

"Miss George," he began, "I am  
disappointed in you."

"In me!" looking up archly. "I  
handn't promised any thing, that I'm  
aware."

"I wish you would be serious, Miss  
Jones," he pursued. "I assure you  
this seems to me a matter of too much  
importance to admit of trifling. I  
could not believe that you would stoop  
to such devices and deceptions! Don't you  
see how you wound, how you disappoint  
me? How hard it goes with one who  
has formed an ideal, and—"

"and—and—I don't know what I  
was about to say; however, I hope you  
are sorry, Miss George!"

"I am dreadfully sorry to lose my  
tea; we were going to have hot muffins.  
Aren't you hungry, Mr. Reed?"

"You don't mean to say that you are  
not sorry?" he flashed. "It can not be  
possible that you have so little regard  
for truth, you in whom I have believed,  
with whom I would have trusted every  
thing and any thing, you whom I  
love—"

He paused again, confounded  
by his own words, which seemed to  
have slipped from his lips unbidden.

"Mr. Reed, did you keep me after  
school to listen to a proposal?" she  
asked, rising quite angrily. "It is  
something quite unusual."

"I did not intend it, believe me, Miss  
Jones. Pardon me; but out of the full-  
ness of the heart the mouth speaketh—  
I must have been thinking aloud. If  
you have found out my secret, I dare  
say you are none the happier for it."

"I suppose I may be dismissed if you  
have nothing more to say?" There  
were tears of anger or of something  
standing in her eyes.

"You may be dismissed. I have said  
too much; you have been terribly non-  
committal." He held out his hand, but  
she did not choose to see it, or the dusk  
prevented. The stars were coming out  
in the evening sky, scents of wild rose  
and sweet-fern were blowing in through  
the open windows, and a bell was toll-  
ing softly in some remote church tower.

"Shall I walk home with you, Miss  
Jones?" he asked, as he looked the  
school-house door; "you have quite a  
walk over a lonely road."

"You might have thought of that  
earlier. I am not afraid, thank you. I  
know every rock between here and the  
farm," she answered, as he held the  
gate open for her to pass. Mr. Reed's  
emotions were not of an enviable nature  
as he walked home alone that evening;  
he had proposed to that little witch,  
whom he found it impossible to hate,  
and she had rebuked him. A pretty  
affair between teacher and pupil, verily!

How pleasant it would be to open school  
next day, with each young lady ready  
to touch his wound with the scalpel of  
her ridicule, and Miss George more  
audacious than ever! But Miss George  
did not present herself, and the mis-  
chief of the others seemed to proceed  
lame without her. Mr. Reed thanked  
Heaven that it was a half-holiday, and  
instead of going home to dinner like a  
sensible man—though what lover ever  
is sensible, for the matter of that—he  
struck out for the woods and the river,  
a long tramp in the burning sun, and  
being exhausted on his walk homeward,  
he threw himself down in the shade of  
some wild blossoming shrubs and fell  
asleep. He was awakened by the  
sound of voices. Were the leaves talk-  
ing? Was the wind syllabing familiar  
words?

"George had a headache this morn-  
ing when I called for her; lectures  
don't agree with her digestion." All  
at once he sat upright. It was Miss  
Kew who was speaking, and he could  
see her and half a dozen others through  
the openings among the boughs, weav-  
ing oak leaves and gossiping idly.

"Poor Mr. Reed looked like a ghost  
this morning—a broken reed, indeed!  
I guess he found that George belonged  
to a stiff-necked generation."

"I wonder what they talked about.  
Do you suppose she promised better  
behavior?"

"Maybe she promised for better or  
worse."

"Pshaw!" put in Miss Kew: "I  
asked her if he said any thing tender,  
and she said, 'Tender! is a bear ten-  
der?'"

"He hugs!"

"I've told her that he was dead in  
love many's the time," continued Miss  
Kew, "and meant to marry her some  
day, with all her imperfections on her  
head."

"I dare say she wouldn't say 'no.'"  
Indeed, you needn't dare say any  
thing of the sort. George Jones is  
above marrying a poor pedagogue."

"She's poor herself. Her uncle's  
only a farmer, and she's got to teach."

"But a beauty like George doesn't  
need to jump out of the frying-pan into  
the fire. What sort of a match would  
Mr. Reed be?"

"A Lucifer, I guess."

Surely listeners never hear any good  
of themselves, thought Mr. Reed, as he  
picked up his hat and strolled quietly  
away, screened by the friendly leaves.

He felt as miserable as a man of twenty-  
nine is capable of feeling who has  
been guilty of nothing but an error of  
judgment. His term would end in a  
fortnight, however, and then he would  
throw up his situation and leave Wild-  
acre forever. He walked on and on in  
an unnatural mood, taking any route  
that invited, trespassing over corn  
fields, climbing stone walls, crossing  
lazy streams, till all at once the sky  
seemed to change to inky blackness,  
shot across with blinding flashes of  
light; an Atlas weight seemed pressing  
upon his brain, the sound of roaring  
cataracts was in his ear, and uncon-  
sciousness followed.

There was a young girl rocking and  
sewing in the farm-house near, who  
roused from some absorbing reflections  
of her own by the approaching feet, and  
leisurely to the doorway, and encoun-  
tered the hired men bringing in a bur-  
den.

"It's a sunstroke, I reckon," said  
one. "Don't ye be scared, Miss George;  
'tain none of your folks."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried George. "Call  
Aunt Sue; call Uncle True. Run for the  
doctor, Jake—run for your life. Oh!  
oh! Is a sunstroke very dangerous?  
Can't I bathe his poor head, or do  
something? Poor fellow! it'll break  
somebody's heart. Why, it is—it is,"  
with a gasp—"it is Mr. Reed! Go,  
both of you, all of you—go for the doc-  
tor. I will take care of him. Mr. Reed  
—dear Mr. Reed—speak to me—look at  
me. I am your own George, and I am  
so sorry—so sorry, and I will never,  
never vex you any more if you will just  
say, 'I love you,' again, just once  
again!" and the tender words somehow  
reached the half-conscious ear, and he  
moved his lips feebly, whispering, half-  
inaudibly, "Love—I love you! I love  
you!"

And so it happened that Mr. Reed did  
not resign his situation at Wildacre,  
though the trustees were obliged to find  
a substitute for many a week, while he  
was recovering from the sunstroke,  
while he made a wedding tour. And  
so it happened that the Wildacre School  
became the most orderly in the country,  
perhaps because he married the ring-  
leader!—Harper's Bazar.

## The "Oo" Feather-Robe.

The most costly article in the cloth-  
ing line exhibited at the Centennial is  
the *mamo* or royal cloak of her Majesty  
Emma, the Sandwich Island Queen,  
made of feathers that look like gold.  
Its value is named at \$150,000, but it  
seems idle to set a price upon it, for  
there is nothing like it to make a stand-  
ard to judge by. It must have taken a  
hundred years to complete it. At least  
it was in process of manufacture  
through the reigns of nine sovereigns.  
The feathers come from a rare bird  
called the *Oo*, which a writer in the  
*Christian Union* thus describes, and the  
method of its capture:

This pretty little creature has, under  
each wing, a single golden feather  
about an inch long. To catch the *Oo*  
without inflicting any injury was neces-  
sary, or the birds would soon be ex-  
terminated; hence, to entrap them suc-  
cessfully was considered a great accom-  
plishment. With the gum of the bread-  
fruit tree, which is very sticky, the  
bird-catcher smeared the twig of a  
tree near some tempting fruit; across  
this twig he laid a light string slip-  
nose, and, holding the line, concealed  
himself in the thick foliage. Now came  
the unsuspecting *Oo* for his mango or  
guava dessert, and alighted on the  
smeared twig. Finding it an unpleasant  
standing-place he fluttered and strug-  
gled to extricate his feet, but instantly  
the slipnose closed tightly around both  
little legs and he was a prisoner; his  
two beautiful golden feathers were  
pulled out, and then he was given his  
freedom.

Until within a few years there was a  
feather robe, which belonged to King  
Lunalilo; but, as he was the last of his  
family, it was wrapped around his dead  
body and buried with him.

Very few of the old bird-catchers are  
living, and, as the young generation  
does not follow the pursuits of the old,  
the present *mamo* is considered the last  
specimen of a lost art.

## How Coats Vary in Value.

The other day when a New Yorker  
took a coat around to a dealer in sec-  
ond-hand clothing the man looked it  
over in a contemptuous manner, elevat-  
ed his nose, flung the garment aside  
and said:

"Do you know how much I wouldn't  
give for that coat? I give you twelve  
shillings, only."

"It's worth five dollars," replied the  
owner.

"Five dollars! Shust wait till I call  
my wife and dell dot we haf a lunatic  
in der store. Why, mine goot frent,  
you must have been sunstroke by der  
heat last summer."

He finally got the coat for two dol-  
lars. Passing the same store in the  
evening, and seeing his coat hanging  
at the door, the man halted and asked:

"How much for this old coat?"

"Old goat!" exclaimed the dealer,  
"why, dot goat was made only last  
week, worn to one party, and can't be  
had any more for only seven tollars!"

"I'll give you two."

"Two! Here, wife, hurry up! Put  
up der plinds, lock der doors, and let  
us say our prayers, for we must go into  
bankruptcy to-morrow! Shust tink of  
dot man offering me two tollars for dot  
coat what you bought of a great alder-  
man yesterday for five tollars!"

## Death at a Tournament.

Saturday last Peed's Mill, in the  
southern portion of Kaufman County,  
was the scene of an accident, by which  
Hiram Millsack, a young man about 21  
years of age, came to a terrible death.  
A tournament ground with track and  
poles had been laid off at that place,  
and last Saturday was the appointed  
time for the gallant knights to test  
their skill. Prof. Townley, a writing-  
master of the neighborhood, was one  
of the most proficient gentlemen pres-  
ent in taking the rings. He rode a  
fierce, powerful and unmanageable  
horse and upon starting to run through  
advised the other not to follow him  
until he had succeeded in stopping the  
fiery animal. Millsack, however, dis-  
regarded the advice, and started after  
him at full speed on a pony. Prof.  
Townley succeeded in catching all the  
rings but one, and in turning his horse  
at full speed ran against Millsack, who  
had turned on a sharp angle. The  
powerful and fiery horse of Townley  
struck Millsack with its head, knocking  
him from his pony. The larger horse  
struck the pony and threw it with ter-  
rible force upon the fallen young man.  
Millsack was crushed to death.—Gal-  
veston News.

A good story is told of a far Western  
man who was encountered, on his re-  
turn from Philadelphia, denouncing the  
Centennial Exposition as a humbug of  
enormous proportions. He had seen  
more animals in a traveling circus and  
had better entertainment. It turned  
out, however, upon cross questioning  
him, that he had visited the Zoological  
Garden, supposing it to be the Fair, and  
had never seen the Centennial, though  
he had traveled nearly across the con-  
tinent to do so.

## The Mound-Builders.

Last week a party of scientific ex-  
plorers made some very interesting dis-  
coveries in the vicinity of Milton, Wis.  
There are in that vicinity a number of  
mounds belonging to the class which  
recent archaeological investigation has  
referred to that mysterious race which  
inhabited the central portion of North  
America long before the present aborig-  
ines obtained a foothold here. Select-  
ing the largest of these mounds, the ex-  
plorers dug a trench from its outer  
edge to the center, thirty feet long, five  
feet wide, and at the center attaining a  
depth of ten feet. About a foot from  
the bottom, at the deepest part of the  
excavation, a layer of ashes and decayed  
wood was laid bare. A few inches  
below this was a hard deposit resem-  
bling mortar, and beneath were found  
the remains of four adults and two  
children. That they belonged to the  
race of Mound-builders is inferred from  
the fact that there had previously been  
exhumed, only eighteen inches below  
the surface, a complete Indian skele-  
ton. The other, and vastly more im-  
portant, relics were eight and a half  
feet lower down. The first of  
these, the skeleton of a man, lay  
with the head to the west in a reclining  
position. At the knees, near each hand,  
were two ornaments, composed of the  
teeth of some wild animal, about four  
inches long, and having holes bored  
through for the string which attached  
them to the wrists. Close by was the  
skull, but so badly decayed as to pre-  
vent removal. A little to the south of  
the skull were four perfect arrow-heads,  
as clearly cut as if the work had been  
done by the best modern machinery.  
Lying around and under the shoulders  
were 29 beads, manufactured from  
small shells, and perforated, so as to be  
worn as a necklace. Evidently this was  
the skeleton of some famous personage,  
for among the bones of the five others  
no ornaments whatever were found.  
The chief's companions were arranged  
about him in the west, northwest and  
east. In the jaw-bone of one was a par-  
tially developed wisdom-tooth, and most  
of the jaw-bones and teeth were in good  
preservation.

We have characterized the Mound-  
builders as "a mysterious race," but  
they are as wonderful as mysterious.  
The traces they have left behind in the  
West and Northwest are entirely  
unique; nothing at all resembling them  
having as yet been discovered in the  
Eastern hemisphere. Fort Hill, in  
Ohio, is surrounded by a wall and ditch  
a mile and a half long—part of the ditch  
being cut through solid rock. Within  
the wall are skillfully constructed reser-  
voirs for water, and at one end is a sort  
of citadel with independent fortifica-  
tions and water-supply. Clark's Work,  
in Scioto Valley, Ohio, appears to have  
been a fortified town, inclosing 127  
acres, having three miles of embank-  
ments estimated to contain 3,000,000  
cubic feet of earth. At Newark, Ohio,  
an area of several miles is literally  
covered with connected groups of cir-  
cles, octagons, squares, ellipses and  
avenues, formed by embankments  
twenty or thirty feet in height. Ac-  
curate survey has shown that these  
enormous geometrical figures are abso-  
lutely correct in their outline, though  
the sides of some of the squares mea-  
sure a thousand feet, and the diameter  
of the circles a third of a mile. In other  
States, more particularly Wisconsin,  
these earthworks are in the shape of  
gigantic animals, following nature as  
closely as the geometrical figures do  
science. The length of time and in-  
dustry required to execute the task un-  
dertaken by the Mound-builders may be  
remotely guessed at when it is known  
that in Ohio alone there are between  
eleven and twelve thousand of these  
monuments of an extinct people—many  
of them of the largest and most elab-  
orate kind.

Unfortunately, though the graves of  
the Mound-builders are not unfre-  
quently discovered, as in the instance  
above mentioned, only a few skulls suffi-  
ciently undecayed to permit careful sci-  
entific examination have as yet been ob-  
tained. The possessor of one of the  
few describes it as "a beautiful skull,  
worthy of a Greek." The Milton  
mound seems to have contained nothing  
of special importance, but in others  
have been found bones and copper  
tools and ornaments, some fine speci-  
mens of pottery and, most interesting  
and important of all, sculptured stone  
heads, evidently drawn from originals.  
Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, from  
whose address to the British Associa-  
tion for the Advancement of Science,  
recently in session at Glasgow, we have  
borrowed liberally, says of these heads:

"They present to us the features of  
an intellectual and civilized people.  
The nose in some is perfectly straight,  
and neither prominent nor dilated; the  
mouth is small and the lips thin; the  
chin and upper lip are short, contrast-  
ing with the ponderous jaw of the  
modern Indian, while the cheek-bones  
present no marked prominence. Other  
examples have the nose somewhat pro-  
jecting at the apex, in a manner quite  
unlike the features of any American in-  
digenes."

Mr. Wallace further remarks "that  
when North America was first settled  
by the Europeans, the Indian tribes in-  
habiting it had no knowledge or tradi-  
tion of any preceding race of higher  
civilization than themselves." This  
well known fact, taken in connection  
with others, has been made the basis of  
many ingenious theories concerning the  
origins, career, and final disappearance of  
the Mound-builders. As might be ex-  
pected, none of these theories are entirely  
satisfactory; and, indeed, the whole  
subject still admits of the widest and  
wildest conjecture.

All that is certainly known is, that in  
the region watered by the Ohio, Upper  
Mississippi, and their tributaries, once  
dwelt a numerous people, who had  
made sufficient progress in civilization  
to have a government, a religion, sys-  
tematic industry, and the rudiments of  
science and art. Who that people were,  
from whence they came, whether they  
went, and in what way they acquired  
the very considerable knowledge the  
extent and character of their works in-  
dicate, is now—and probably always  
will remain—a profound enigma.—St.  
Louis Republican.

A WOMAN runs the Coast Line of  
stages in Northern California.

## Born on the Fly.

The western train which arrived at  
Camden Station, over the Baltimore  
and Ohio Railroad, on Saturday after-  
noon, brought a mother with two babes,  
ticketed from Indianapolis, Ind., to  
Crisfield, Md. The woman's name  
was Richardson, and when she left In-  
dianapolis she was alone. She didn't  
stop nor the babies weren't passed to  
her from some station. Those babies  
were born on the fly. Mrs. Richardson  
left Cincinnati on Conductor Frank  
Harris's train. She occupied a seat in  
the ladies' car, and had traveled a part  
of the night before from Indianapolis,  
and looked sleepy and tired. Mr. Har-  
ris saw she was troubled, and, on ask-  
ing her the cause, was requested to  
please send some married lady to speak  
to her. Mr. Harris did so, and through  
the medium of this third party was in-  
formed of the probable increase to the  
passengers under his charge. The car  
was cleared, and, half an hour after-  
ward, the passengers were informed  
that two bouncing boys had begun life  
at the rate of 35 miles per hour, and  
they were young boys,